

May 13, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had a very unexpected visit Wednesday afternoon, and, I must say, it turned out to be a very interesting one. I was peacefully stretched out on my big Morris chair trying to wade through the Spanish novel the report on which is almost due when a girl who had just been up to my room to see me about fixing her costume for her for Sophomore Tree Ceremonies came back announcing that there was a man down stairs to see me. Richard Fishel was up here for the day with Helen and I immediately supposed it was he, being polite, or else that Helen had suddenly gotten cold feet about cutting so many classes and had gone to math class and sent Richard to me for an hour's entertainment. I thought I would be jiggered if I was going to get dressed to go down and talk to Richard Fishel for a half hour. She went down to find out who it was and came back with the information that it was David Glick. Well, i never have been more surprised. The last I knew he was working in Minneapolis. So I got dressed and went down. I must have acted my surprise, because I asked him what on earth brought him to Poughkeepsie, and he volunteered the information that it was to see me, of course. Well, that was a pretty nice line but it did sound fishy, so a minute latter I gathered the information that he was on his way from Albany to New York and that he got the idea on the train that he could stop off here and still make his seven o'clock appointment by taking the three-fifty eight. So we proceeded on an expedition of sightseeing over the campus, and accidentally interrupted a very clubby session of Richard's and Helen's "under the apple trees" on Sunset. I told Lucy afterwards, and she screamed, although I must say I didn't think it quite as funny as she did. We talked to them for a little

while, and then went on to the top of the hill. The view of the mountains was perfect, and he surely did appreciate it, unless he was being excessively polite. I also showed him the prettiest parts of the chapel lake, and he maintained at least five times that it was a prettier campus than Princeton's. Then, when he started to rave about the outdoor theater and saw people rehearsing there, I got the bright idea that he was after an invitation to Thirda Hall, since he had said that he was going to be in New York until Sunday night unless he should have to go to Washington. So I asked him if he could come up for it, but was careful not to give him the impression that my life depended upon it. The long and short of it was that he would let me know Thursday if he could make it or not, but he thought he could. Yesterday if he could make it or not, but he thought he could. Yesterday I got about a forty word telegram to the effect that he had to leave for Washington, and that he and Frank had quite an argument as to the relative merits of the Princeton and Vassar campuses.

He happened to look at his watch at twent-five minutes to four and realize that he was about to miss his train, so we beat it back to Davison and I telephoned for a taxi. The train was late, so he just made it. He said he would call you up when he got home and assure you that I was to all appearances quite alive and well. He seems to be just the same as he was when I last saw him about two years ago, except that then I was so impressed with the fact that he was quite a little older than I that I stood quite in awe of him, but he seems suddenly to have gotten about three years younger. He has the same serious line, excessive enthusiasm, but perfect manners. That must have been acquired within the last two years! On the whole, I enjoyed the few hours very much. I guess I like serious people. He sends his best regards to you, Pete. I still don't make out why he stopped off, unless he was anxious to see Vassar.

I got back from the station just in time to keep Henrietta Butler's and my date with Miss Smith to take her off-campus for dinner. It is something that I should have done a long time ago, and I am very glad

we did not put it off any longer, the dinner went over very well, and altogether was quite successful It should have been for the price!

I got a note from the janitor's office yesterday telling me that my laundry was there, please to call for it. They told me that it was found Founder's day and that somebody brought it in there. I have a vague recollection of calling for it that day at the Post Office because it did not come special delivery but I cannot remember where I left it. That accounts for my fear that it was lost on the way. I sent it home this morning special delivery--I hope it gets there in time for Monday.

It poured all night and part of this morning, so Third Hall will have to be put off till tomorrow night. I certainly hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. Tonight we are going to have the only production at home of the four one act plays that our four star actresses have been touring the country with all winter in the interest of the endowment fund. That will be as big a treat as Third Hall, if not moreso. They used to leave every week on Friday and get back in time for classes Monday, with one or two exceptions. Tickets sold everywhere for three dollars and we get the performance for nothing.

I went to the movies last night--excitement! I had dinner with Lucy, Jeannette, and Helen Stern and I had told them I would probably go along. The picture is supposed to be an unusually fine one and every one around here is talking about it. Moreover, they kid me quite regularly because I dislike movies and so rarely go that I decided I would go if the picture was really worth while. It is supposed to be historical, but if I remember anything about French history, it is quite balled

up. Whoever put the picture on didn't mind lapses of years. Anyhow, I never saw the storming of the Bastille before or scenes from the Reign of Terror. On the way home we got silly; that is, Lucy and I started remembering things that happened the summers we were together for a while and one thing was crazier than the other. Jeannette almost had Helen Stern believing that we had travelled around the world together once.

I am going to read Spanish all afternoon or bust.

There is too much else in college to go with languages. At least that is my present opinion, and since I hand in my elections today I won't have much chance to change my mind. I can get all the French I need in reading for French Rev. I asked Miss Ellory yesterday whether she would not advise taking that rather than Renaissance and Reformation in connection with Nineteenth Century Poetry, and she said by all means.

Miss Salmon signed my sequential study card yesterday in five minutes. That is record time--the college is full of tales about how she has been refusing to sign unless people take what she recommends. She argues and argues and then tells them to go home and think it over and come back tomorrow. But she thoroughly approved of my choice. Miss Smith talked about her at length the other evening. She feels as you do about her but she realizes her eccentricities just as much as we who have her now do. She said that Miss Salmon has been telling people to reconsider their choice if their plan includes a course with Jimmie Baldwin, and she says the only reason is that they had a scrap and don't get along together. That is some narrow-minded policy for one who professes to be as broad as she does. Miss Wylie signed for me in about two minutes. I am sure I shall enjoy working under her very much. I was going to introduce myself to her, but there was a huge line of people waiting outside the door with their cards and I felt that it would be quite out of place then. But I certainly shall next year when I have her.

The present plan for next semester is:--

Psychology--Miss Washburn

Socialism(so-called, really, Problems of Social Reorganization)
Mills

Nineteenth Century Poetry--Miss Wylie

French Revolution--Miss Ellory

Zoology--there is no such course as Biology--Prof. Treadwell

If I decide over the summer that lab is going to wear me out the way it has this year, i shall change the science election to another history course.

How does the course sound to you?

I met Helen Reid's Father yesterday. He does not seem particularly exciting.

Did I ever write that I got B on the last chem written--the second of the semester? That is quite an achievement for me. There were several B pluses, I don't think any A's. My last unknown turned out to be Bichloride of Mercury. I was thinking of your acquaintance of S. A. T. C. days, Pete.

The clipping with the mine picture was very interesting, as was also the bill with I. P.'s name as big as life.

I'll send the [check] to the Peabody fund.

I am glad you are able to be outdoors again, Mother. I am also glad you will be able to go to Atlantic. It will be very good for you, I am sure. now I have a suggestion. What do you think of it? By next week I will be completely up to date in my work. You know I have had no week-ends at all this semester, so I could easily do this without missing anything in academic standing--take my prom leave and leave after my last class Thursday on the one nine and come to Atlantic and stay till Sunday noon. What would you think about it, or would you rather not? I have only two classes on Friday, and one is American history. I would not want to do it if you did not want me to--what do you think about it? R. S. V. P. I would like to see you.

Volume two will be published tomorrow.

Love, Fannie

[enc w/ 13 May 1921]

Dear Mother:

Please explain. Yesterday I received a two pound box of Reymer's candy from the honorable Alfred Goorin. Today I receive a not from him to the effect that the Pi Tau Pi fraternity (a social organization to which most of the boys at home belong) is having

a party the night of the eighteenth, a boatripe down the
allegheny, and that he would like me to go. What about it? Helen
mentioned yesterday that she is going with Richard Fishel. Could
I tell him that I don't know yet, because I am staying for
Commencemtn[sic] and may stay ovr in New York a few days, but
that I will probably be able to go. I don't know anything about
the propriety of such parties--I suppose they have chaperones,
etc., but there is no telling. R. S. V. P.

403 DAVISON HOUSE
VASSAR COLLEGE
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

May 13, 1921

Peabody Memorial Oommittee,

P

Mother